

All Dolled Up

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28693863) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28693863>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Darryl Noveschosch , Zak Ahmed/Darryl Noveschosch
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Darryl Noveschosch
Additional Tags:	Kidnapping , Demons , Bondage , Shapeshifting , Forced Feminization , Crossdressing , Humiliation , Crying , Dollification , Force-Feeding , bottles , Pacifier Gag , Spanking , Dresses , Forehead Kisses , Non-Consensual Drug Use , Bed-Wetting , Piss kink , Shaving , Verbal Humiliation , hog tie , Torture , Handcuffs , Tickling , Stocks , Foot Fetish , Ice Play , Wax Play , Temperature Play , Erections , Anal Fingering , Butt Plugs , Dildos , Sex Toys , Bad Dragon , Rocking horse , Depth play , Makeup , bimbofication , Face Slapping , Cats , Psychological Torture , Human Furniture , Breathplay , Edgeplay , Vibrators , Drowning , crawling , Orgasm Delay/Denial , Forced Orgasm , Master/Slave
Language:	English
Collections:	MCYT , Books That I finished
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-11 Completed: 2021-03-24 Chapters: 12/12 Words: 12371

All Dolled Up

by [BileBunny](#)

Summary

While a demon uses his appearance for some unknown reason, George is left to an unfortunate fate.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

May I borrow your appearance, good sir?

George's eyes fluttered open sleepily as he was awoken by some commotion. He groaned, assuming it was his kitten playing around. He closed his eyes again before groggily scolding the kitten.

“Kitty, stop... it's bedtime. We'll play tomorrow...”

The rustling only grew louder. It sounded like it was coming from the closet. Maybe the cat was playing with the hangers in the closet. As cute as that was, George wanted some sleep.

“Kitty...please. Be quiet.”

The shuffling only grew louder, and George was quickly getting annoyed. He turned over in his bed, ready to snatch the cat up by his scruff and away from the closet.

He froze. His eyes locked on a dark menacing figure standing in front of his closet. He reached over, fumbling to switch on the lamp on the nightstand. He wanted to see if his eyes were deceiving him. When he eventually managed to switch on the lamp, the soft light illuminated the dark bedroom. The figure turned, freezing upon realizing that it had been caught.

The creature was an inky black demon with sharp horns, claws, and bat-like wings. His pale eyes seared through George's soul, freezing him in place with fear. His adam's apple bobbed up and down as a scream built up. The scream never escaped his maw.

As he opened his mouth to let out an ear-piercing scream, the demon used his magic to clamp his lips shut and lift him in the air telekinetically.

“HMMM HMMMM! HMMMMMMMM!” George tried to scream but it only came out as muffled cries.

The demon's expression softened, almost as if George was simply a misbehaving child.

“Oh my goodness. I didn't think you'd wake up this early...”

George glanced down and noticed that the demon was wearing his clothes. His face quickly twisted into one mixed with fear as well as confusion. The demon quickly picked up on the human's confusion.

“Oh, you must be confused. Understandably so...”

George continued to squirm in the magical hold as the demon explained the current situation.

“Don't worry, my friend. I am not going to bring you any harm. I'm afraid I can't give any specific details of my plan, but all you need to know is that I need to borrow your appearance for an unforeseen amount of time.”

“Hmmm!” George tried to cry out again as the demon pulled out a roll of duct tape and began wrapping it around his head. The demon then began to restrain his wrist and ankles, making sure to wrap the thick tape around multiple times.

“Hmm! Hmmm! HMMMMMM!” George protested as he was restrained and silenced with tape.

George's eyes widened in shock and awe as a bright flash engulfed the demon's dark body. Once

he emerged, George's eyes widened even more, this time in horror.

The demon had stolen his appearance! He was now a spitting image of the Englishman, and god was it eerie. It was like looking in a mirror.

"Ah. Much better don't you think?" The demon asked mockingly, making George furrow his brow in anger. He began to struggle again, shouting obscenities through the tape. His rage burned even hotter when the demon simply laughed at his small tantrum.

The demon snapped his fingers, making a large duffel bag appear out of thin air. George stopped struggling, but only for a moment. He quickly began to thrash and scream again once he realized what was about to happen with the said duffel bag.

"Now don't you worry, you little muffin head. While the new and improved George is out, a good friend of mine is going to take real good care of you!"

"Hmmm..." George whined out as a few salty tears ran down his face as he was folded and crammed inside the bag.

The demon only smiled, booping his captive's nose before zipping the bag shut.

As the duffel bag was hoisted up, the man inside could only squirm, lick at the tape covering his mouth, and cry.

Dress up

Chapter Summary

Dream receives a gift from a friend.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George didn't know how long he had spent locked in claustrophobic darkness. Gagged and with his ankles and wrists bound, all the poor boy could do was allow himself to be carried to a fate unknown.

After what seemed like hours, the duffel bag was eventually placed down onto what felt like a carpeted floor. George listened intently as he heard voices from outside the bag. He grumbled in frustration when they stepped away from the bag, which made them difficult to hear.

The man inside the bag eventually slumped, the waterworks in his brown eyes going off again. At this point, George had almost accepted his fate of being kidnapped. He wouldn't be surprised if he woke up in a bathtub full of ice, his side slashed open, and one of his kidneys on eBay.

He flinched as the bag was zipped open, squeezing his eyes shut in fear.

"Oh, Bad he's so CUTE!"

He reluctantly opened his eyes as he was hoisted out of the duffel bag, two strong hands hooking underneath his arms. He was met face to face with a tall man with dirty blonde hair, a freckled face, and shiny emerald eyes.

Out of pure instinct, George began swatting at him with his bound fists, as well as squirming in his grasp. This did not seem to bother the man in the slightest though. All he did was hold him even tighter, adjusting George so that he was gently, yet firmly cradled in his arms.

"I can't thank you enough for taking him, Dream. Is there anything I can do to pay you back?" The demon asked the man currently holding the captive.

"Don't worry about it, I'm more than happy to take him!" Dream said cheerily in response.

"Besides.." George was bounced a few times, making him whimper.

"I've always wanted a doll!"

As well as confused, George was now also enraged. How dare these people talk about him as if he were a mere toy!

George began to kick his legs and shout at his captors through the tape, furrowing his eyebrows.

"Hmm hmm HMMMF!"

If George was trying to seem threatening or intimidating, then that was a massive failure. The

blond-haired man and demon only laughed at this before cooing at the bound Brit. George closed his eyes again, a few hot, salty tears spilling from them.

“Awww! You’re one of those dolls that cry! How sweet!” Dream teased as he laid George down on his beige sofa.

“Don’t worry, Dolly. I’m sure you’ll feel better once I change you into your new outfit!”

Shit. That couldn’t be good...

As Dream left the room, George began to squirm in his bonds once more, only to be reprimanded by Bad.

“Dolls don’t try and get away from their owners.”

“Hmmf Uew!”

Bad sighed, knowing that George had just told him to “Fuck off”. The demon did not approve of such vulgar language, especially from a doll.

It was at that moment that Dream and George’s eyes fell upon the torture device that he was holding.

It was a lavender lolita style dress, a white bow sashed around the middle, complete with ruffles around the sleeves and bottom of the skirt.

“Isn’t it pretty, Dolly?”

The dress made George want to vomit, and he struggled more when it was brought closer to him. This made Dream frown and look at Bad.

“Hey Bad, I might need your help in getting this on him. He’s being fussy.”

“Of course I will.” Bad replied before snapping his fingers. The tape binding his ankles and wrists were denigrated, but George found that he could not move his body. He was completely paralyzed from the neck down.

George began to panic when Dream began to remove his clothes, his plain black tshirt being pulled over his head, and pants and boxers yanked to his ankles. His face flushed a bright red as he was exposed with no way to cover himself. He slammed his eyes shut avoiding eye contact with either of his captors.

With his body as lithe as a ragdoll, there was nothing he could do as a pair of pink bloomers were forced into him. Soon after the girlish garment was slipped over his head. He let out a few pitiful groans and cries as his arms and head were forced through the ruffled sleeves and neck. He then felt soft white stockings snake up his legs, ending at his thighs.

Before he was released from the magical hold, a thick, cumbersome mitten was slipped onto each of his hands, rendering them completely useless. As he was granted the ability to move once more, Dream immediately picked him, peppering his tear-stained face with wet and annoying kisses.

“Hmm...” George moaned once again.

Out of the corner of his eye, he could see a flash engulfing the demon’s body as he stole George’s form. As he walked out the door, Bad gave George a mocking sneer.

“Have fun, Dolly!”

Chapter End Notes

Yep. This is it....George is forced to be Dream's doll.

Anyway, as said before, feel free to give me suggestions in the comments. Also if you enjoy the story so far, please leave a kudos, as well as any feedback you may have!

Num Num Time

Chapter Summary

Dream feeds his doll.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

And just like that, George was left at the mercy of the man who would make him into a doll. A fucking doll...

George continued to squirm as he was balanced on Dream's hip. It unnerved George slightly. The man must be pretty strong to be able to do this so effortlessly. Sure, George wasn't a large man, but he wasn't small either.

The dollified man swung at his captor, however, the blows were heavily softened by the soft mittens locked onto his wrists. Dream chuckled at his doll's actions, making him blush even harder. Dream booped his nose, making George scrunch up his face in protest.

"All right, Dolly, how about we get you some lunch? Maybe then you'll stop fussing."

Of course, George couldn't respond. He still had packing tape sealing his mouth. He could only let out a simple "Hmm!"

"I'll take that as a yes." Dream concluded, carrying George to the kitchen. There he was quickly thrust into a large wooden highchair. The second he sat down, Dream grabbed his wrists and bound them into the leather straps attached to the arms of the highchair. Then shoved a small wooden table in front of the chair.

Dream suddenly reached over and ripped the tape from George's mouth. The bound man took a deep breath of fresh air, as well as opening and closing his mouth to stretch the sore muscles. Dream smiled, pinching his cheek before turning around and walking over to the cardboard.

Although George did not want to speak to his new captor, he did want some answers.

"W-Why? Why are you doing this?! What are you going to do to me?!"

Dream simply ignored his doll's frantic questions as he set a jar full of mush on the table. He unscrewed the cap before dipping a silicone spoon into the pale green semisolid before holding it up to George's face. George moved his head back, squeezing his jaw shut. This made Dream's sweet smile turn sour.

"Dolly, you have to eat." He said, pressing the spoon to his doll's lips.

This only caused George to turn his head to the side, avoiding the spoon filled with mush entirely. Dream tried to get him to eat for a few more minutes before his patience began to twindle.

"I'd advise that you not make me angry, Dolly..." He said threateningly, sending a shiver down George's spine. Still, he refused to eat. Not only because the mush looked disgusting, but because

he had no idea what his captor may have put in it. The “meal” very well could have been very heavily drugged or worse...

An alarm was set off in George’s mind as he felt a hand pinch his nostrils shut. Soon breathing through his nose wouldn’t be an option. After about thirty seconds, George couldn’t hold his breath anymore. He didn’t open his jaw, but he did part his lips, breathing through his teeth. This only enraged Dream even more. He slammed the spoon into the jar and grabbed George’s hair, roughly pulling his head back. Dream pushed his face close to George, a terrifying look of anger on his face.

“You listen here, Dolly. Now, you are going to open your fucking mouth and let me feed you. If you still feel like being a little brat, then I will get a hammer and knock every single one of your teeth out...God it?” Dream asked through his teeth, tugging on George’s hair again to empathize his threat.

Although George was still paralyzed with fear, he slowly shook his head, confirming that he understood.

“Good...” Dream said with almost no emotion. He let go of his doll’s hair and picked up the spoon once more, holding it in front of his mouth once more.

Slowly, but surely George opened his mouth, allowing the mushy food in, his face heating up as he did. As soon as the food hit his tongue, he let out a slight gag, the horrid mush violating his tastebuds. If George had to guess, the mush was supposed to be pea flavored baby food, although it tasted more like vomit.

Before he could even swallow the first spoonful of mush, another pile was forced into his mouth, making him gag once more. It wasn’t long before his cheeks were bulging with the vile sustenance. Soon, he was forced to swallow, shivering with disgust as he did.

As he swallowed, Dream cooed at him with that sickly sweet voice.

“Cugga, cugga, cugga, coo coo!” He sang as he shoveled the next spoonful of torturous baby food onto his doll’s tongue.

By the time the jar was nearly empty, George had burst into tears, crying from both disgust and humiliation as he was force-fed. When the jar mercifully emptied, Dream smiled, wiping his doll’s messy face with a napkin.

“See? Was that so hard, Dolly?” He asked before kissing the sobbing man’s flushed and tear-stained cheek. Dream then walked to the fridge, taking out a bottle of milk, bringing it over for his doll.

Although reluctant once more, George eventually let the bottle in as it was pressed against his quivering lips. Dream quickly pushed the bottle in, urging him to drink. George could feel his face warming up even more as he was fed like an infant. The situation also wasn’t helped by Dream cooing at him, playing with his hair, and remarking how much of a good dolly he was being.

At the very least, the cool milk was washing away the nasty bits of food that clung to George’s teeth and tongue.

This is what I spent my night doing...

The Game

Chapter Summary

George learns more about what will happen to him.

Once he finished his bottle, Dream removed the table from the high chair and hoisted the still sobbing George from it. He took his doll to the soft couch, cradling him as he sat down. George struggled in the hold, but it only made Dream hold onto him tighter. George tried to lift his hand to swipe at his captor but found he could only lift it about halfway before flopping back down to his side.

This made George panic slightly. He looked up at the blond, demanding an explanation.

“Don’t worry hun, I just put a little special ingredient in your milky. It’ll help you relax and be more like a doll.”

George’s eyes widened in horror.

“NO!” He squeaked out, trying to maneuver himself off of his captor's lap, but the drugs were already beginning to take their toll. The brunet could feel his body growing lithier by the second. His face was burning with anger.

Dream tried to soothe his fussing porcelain doll by stroking the side of his face, but this only resulted in George whipping his head around in an attempt to bite at his owner. Dream quickly yanked his fingers away before delivering a firm slap to George’s face.

“You don’t bite at your owner, Dolly!”

“FUCK YOU!” He shouted back, making Dream narrow his eyes.

“I’m not your doll, and you’re not my owner!”

As George continued to shout and argue with Dream, he didn’t realize that the man was fishing something out of his jean pocket.

“And stop calling me “Dolly”! My name is Geor-HMMM”

George was quickly silenced as a pacifier was jammed into his mouth. As much as he would have liked to spit it out and continue to berate Dream, that option was quickly removed as the straps attached to the pacifier were fastened around his head.

He still tried to dislodge the pacifier gag, although his efforts could have easily been mistaken for suckling.

“Aahhh. That’s much better.” Dream said, enjoying the quiet, although George continued to scream at him through the gag,

“Perhaps that will calm you down while I lay down some ground rules.”

“HMMM HMMMF!” George protested, but Dream still went on.

“First things first, you are a doll and your name is Dolly. I don’t care what your name was before, while I have you, it’s Dolly. I am your master and you are my toy. Your body no longer belongs to you, but to me. I will feed you, bathe you, pick out your outfits, and play with you however I please.”

“FMMMF OMMF!” George screamed through the pacifier. Although muffled, Dream could tell that his doll had just told him to “fuck off”. He hiked George’s frilly skirt up and firmly swatted at his ass.

“You will not say those disgusting words to me!”

This made George flair his nostrils. How dare this man scold him as if he were a child! Now George would have liked to punch the man in his stupid fucking face and demand some respect, but unfortunately, his current state made that close to impossible. All he could do was continue to throw a fit and listen to Dream’s orientation about his humiliating torture.

“Now, you need to understand that you are MY plaything. That means that I can do anything I want to you.”

He lightly kneaded at George’s ass, reinforcing his attention.

“That means you will be anything I want you to. If I want you to be my porcelain doll, my babbling baby, my slut, my stupid bimbo, or even my pet, then that’s what you will be.”

While Dream explained this, his face twisted into a sinister smirk, making George shiver back in horror and disgust. That all sounded, to put it lightly, unpleasant...

“Any disobedience will be met with punishment, the severity of it being determined by the offense. Now you can choose to be obedient, and live in relative comfort, or you can be a brat and likely be miserable all the time.”

Dream pinched George’s rosy cheek, making him grumble and glare at the freckled blond with fiery, hateful eyes.

“You’re so cute when you’re grumpy!” He remarked before continuing.

“Now I don’t really care if you decide to be good or not. It’ll still be fun for me. Besides, even if you don’t want to, you’ll still play.”

Dream leaned his head forward, whispering something that made George shiver with fear.

“I can promise you that, Dolly...”

Beddy Bye

Chapter Summary

Nighttime routine.

Dream spent the next few hours cradling his doll while he watched TV, occasional tickling under his chin and cooing at him. Every time Dream even spoke to George, he would flinch with fear. His mind was still trying to wrap around what was about to happen to him. When would he be let go? Would he be let go? Would he become a mind broken doll?

He didn't know the answers to these questions, and that did nothing but upraise his anxiety and fear. Practically paralyzed and with nowhere to go, George did the only thing he could. He sucked his paci. As humiliating and deeming as it was suckling, biting, and chewing on his pacifier did bring a small degree of comfort to the dollified man. It gave him something else to focus on.

At some point, Dream's hands drifted down, stroking his thighs. A frown suddenly spread across his face when George was hoisted up once more.

"We're going to have to do something about that body hair. Dolls shouldn't have all that icky body hair. They're supposed to be soft and silky. I'll go out and get supplies for that tomorrow."

"HMM!" George protested although it would do nothing.

"For now, we have to get you ready for beddy-bye." George turned his head slowly to look at the clock hanging in the kitchen. Holy shit, it was nearly 10:30 already! He had been laying, zoned out, on the couch with this bastard for over 3 hours!

George was carried into Dream's room and dumped onto his large bed. While Dream walked over to the closet to pick out a pair of pajamas for his doll, George began to thrash his lithe body, trying to stand up. Unfortunately, all he did was toss himself off the bed, cracking his head off the wooden floors. The only plus side was that with the pacifier jammed locked in his mouth, he had bitten down on that instead of his tongue.

Still, the second he made an impact, a splitting headache ruptured through his skull. Despite the pain, George was determined to not let himself cry. He wouldn't show this man any weakness, even as he swiped up and fussed over.

"Oh, Dolly are you ok!? That was quite a nasty fall." Dream said as he unstrapped the pacifier from George's mouth. He was at least grateful for that...

"Mm fine..." George said quietly, opening and closing his mouth to stretch out the sore muscles.

"Now honey, you can't just go fidgeting around on the bed like that when I'm not looking. You could have seriously injured yourself! Here, let me kiss it better."

George had to resist the urge to gag when Dream brought his lips to the brunet's aching forehead, gently kissing it. Like a kiss would make it any better. Might as well be rubbing salt in the wound...

"Now, let's get you in your nighty." Dream said as he held up George's next instrument of torture:

A hideously baby blue cotton nightgown with white lace lining the bottom.

Dream grabbed the hem of the poofy dress George was already wearing, lifting it until the garment came off over his head. His face flushed a dark red as he was left in nothing but the pink bloomers. The brit's hands crossed over his front, desperate to cover himself.

Thankfully, the feeling of being completely exposed didn't last long as Dream slipped the light nightgown over his doll's head, pulling his arms through the sleeves and pinching his cheeks once it was finally on. Dream then wrapped his arms around George's middle, pulling him into a lying position on the bed.

He reached over to the nightstand and switched off the lamp, turning the room almost as dark as the pit in George's stomach.

"So cute." Dream whispered lovingly into his ear, making George shiver with disgust. He tried to squirm away, but he was still weak from the drugs, and Dream was too strong. All he could do was lay there. Like a doll...

"You know, I've always wanted a doll, but my parents refused to get me one on the account that 'Dolls are for girls.'" Well, now I finally have one. The perfect one nonetheless. I can already tell!" His captor said as he spooned him, nuzzling his nose into George's neck.

Predictively, George hardly slept a wink that night. Not only from the fear gnawing at his gut, but a few other things as well. For one, he was hot, and Dream's body heat was certainly not helping with that, he couldn't move into a more comfortable position, he had to piss, and to add mud to the dirt cake, he had an itch on his nose.

Great.

All he could do was lie there in fear and agony waiting for the sun to rise and bring forth a new day of torment and humiliation.

Razor Burns

Chapter Summary

The first day is always the hardest.

By sunrise, George was squirming in desperation, his bladder ready to burst. Fortunately, the drug's effects were beginning to wear off, enabling George to have better control of his arms again. He painstakingly turned his body, his hands pushing at Dream's shoulders, trying to get away. This immediately woke the dirty blond up, and he grabbed George's wrists, making him whimper.

"We haven't even got out of bed and you're already being a brat. Now, what's the matter? Come on, use your voice box, Dolly."

"Let me the fuck go! I need to piss!" George snapped back rudely. His vulgar words were immediately met with a firm smack across his backside, making him yelp.

"You do NOT use those naughty words with me, Dolly! Now when you have to use the bathroom, you will be polite and ask "Master, may I please go wee-wee in the potty?" Got it?"

George's face turned red with humiliation as well as with fiery rage. He would in fact not "politely" ask to use the restroom. What he would do was piss off Dream to the best of his ability.

In a petty act of defiance, George began peeing onto the clean mattress, his warm urine quickening soaking into his bloomers as well as the sheets. His shoulders dropped and he let a sigh of relief as he released the contents of his full bladder. Sure, it was humiliating to wet himself like a child again, it still felt good. Dream pulled back the blanket, his eyes widening upon realizing what his doll was doing. Once he was finished, a smug smile spread across George's face, although it turned to terror very quickly.

Dream yanked George's messy hair before smacking him across the face.

"Bad boy! You don't piss the bed!" Dream then pulled George's hair down, shoving his face into the puddle of foul urine. George instantly gagged upon contact, trying his hardest to pull himself up with his still rather floppy and weak arms. This only caused Dream to push down harder, rubbing George's nose in his wet puddle of unpleasantness.

"Now you can smell it, dirty boy!"

George began to cry again. This was already the worst day of his life, and he hadn't even gotten out of bed yet.

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George sniveled as he thrashed around in the adult-sized high chair's restraints. Dream was currently in the bedroom changing the wet sheets as well as cleaning the mattress. George squirmed in discomfort and disgust; Dream hadn't even bothered to change him out of his piss soaked underwear but had left him to writhe in it. He shivered as the piss had long gone cold. God, he really should have thought that one through...

“God, please save me from this fresh hell...” The miserable man slightly prayed. Unfortunately, it seemed like only the Devil had been listening as Dream had stepped out of the room, throwing the sheets into the wash before walking up to his doll.

George wanted to sob and beg for Dream to clean him. However, one thing stopped him from doing so: His pride. What was left of it at least. For now, he would give his captor nothing but a hateful glare to show that he was still unbroken.

Dream sighed before hoisting Dolly out of the high chair, setting him to the ground on his knees. George groaned as his head was shoved down onto the floor and his hands were cuffed behind his back. He then felt cuffs latch around his ankles. Once they were secured, the cuffs around his ankles and wrists were connected with a metal chain, trapping him in a hogtie. Once released, George tried to get himself upright again, but it proved nearly impossible. He sighed, slumping onto the ground.

He heard the jingle of car keys and looked up. He saw Dream heading towards the front door. However, before he left the sadistic man put a bottle full of probably drugged milk on the opposite side of the room from George.

“I expect to see that bottle empty by the time I get back unless you want to keep those pissy panties on until tomorrow.” With that, Dream left, slamming the door behind him leaving George to contemplate his predicament.

The thought of being left to stew in his own urine until the next day absolutely repulsed him. He thought for a moment. “He wouldn’t do that.” He thought for a moment longer.

Yeah, he would do that.

Damn it.

He began to wiggle his body back and forth, inching his body closer to the other side of the room. He also used his chin to drag as well as moved his knees to the best of his ability. After about a minute of doing this, George opened his eyes to see how much progress he made.

He had moved forward about 10 inches if that.

George slammed his glassy eyes shut and let out a throaty cry of frustration.

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It had taken George twenty agonizing minutes to reach that goddamn bottle of milk. By the time he had reached it, he was crimson in the face and drenched with sweat. George wasn’t sure it was possible to feel more disgusting than he already did, but alas there he was.

Once he was close enough, George clamped the amber nipple between his teeth, rolled onto his back, and began the deeming act of sucking it down. Even though there was no one there to see, it all still felt incredibly humiliating.

Once finished, George spat out the empty bottle and rolled onto his side, trying to get as comfortable as he could.

It wasn’t long before Dream returned as well as his sickly sweet demeanor that made George nash his teeth.

“Hello, Dolly! Oh, and it seems like you managed to reach your breakfast. Good boy!”

George huffed at this and flinched when he felt Dream pet at his hair.

“I just wanted to keep you entertained while I was gone.” Dream explained as he set down his grocery bags and unlocked the cuffs from George’s ankles and wrists, releasing him from the hogtie position.

George could only let out a quiet sigh of relief as Dream asked “Would you like a bath now, Dolly?”

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George sighed in relief as his wet hair was dried with a fluffy towel. The piss that was sticking to his thighs and undercarriage had been washed away, as well as the sweat. He didn’t even care that he was naked or that Dream was cooing at him, he was just glad to be clean once more.

However, his face twisted with confusion as white shaving cream was slathered all over his legs.

“We have to remove all of your icky body hair now.” Dream explained as took out a metal razor and began working it up George’s right leg, shaving away at the small dark hairs. Although he knew it wasn’t a good idea, George’s gathered what was left of his strength and kicked his master straight in the jaw. It wasn’t a hard kick, but it was an act of rebellion nonetheless.

However, once he kicked, George winced in pain as the razor nicked a small cut in his knee. He grew lightheaded as blood slowly trickled from the wound.

Dream rubbed the side of his jaw, his face now unnervingly stern and cold.

“I’ll punish you for that after. Now you better stay still unless you want to be covered in cuts and your punishment to be made worse.”

Once he went back to shaving, George mentally kicked himself for being such an idiot. What the fuck did he think was going to happen? He just kicked a man with a razor for god sake, and now he was going to be subject to whatever humiliating and/or painful punishment this bastard had in store for him after.

“Why are you being so fussy today? Dolls don’t resist their owners like this. They are quiet while their owners play with them.”

“I’m not a doll! I am a human be-HMMMM!”

George’s complaining was muffled once the pacifier gag was shoved into his mouth once more.

“Emphasis on the “quiet” dearie” Dream said smugly as he worked the razor up George’s left arm.

Once he was finished shaving his limbs, Dream moved to his facial hair, armpits, happy trail, and worst of all, his pubes. George’s stiffened up and well as flushed up when Dream began to scrape the sharp razor around his most sensitive areas.

It was a strangely intimate feeling having someone lather and shave your whole body. It was also an intrusive and violating feeling that George did not like one bit.

Once finished, Dream turned on the water and rinsed away whatever remained of the shaving cream. George flinched when his captor put a hand to his calf, slowly rubbing up and down the clean-shaven area.



“Hmm. Soft as a puppy.” He cooed in an almost insulting manner. George had to physically resist the urge to give Dream another kick. Sure, it would be a weak kick, but still. Instead, his hands shot down to his crotch, trying to cover what he could from his master’s prying eyes. As much as he hated the dresses, he hated being naked even more.

As he was hoisted out of the tub, George was acutely aware of how Dream’s hands were kneading at the pale flesh of his asscheeks. It made him suckle on his pacifier in a desperate attempt to soothe himself.

“Once you’re dressed, I wonder what your punishment should be. That was a real naughty thing you did back there.”

# Hot and Cold

## Chapter Summary

Dream plays with his Dolly in the form of foot stimulation.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Open wide, Dolly! Here comes the choo choo train!”

George sighed, but allowed the bottle to enter his mouth and quickly began to suck down its contents, squirming as a dull pain throbbed in his rear.

After his bath, Dream had taken the naked George back to his room, laid him across his lap, and delivered ten firm spanks for his outburst. It was embarrassing and hurt like a bitch, but Dream informed him that it was a “light punishment”. George didn’t want to imagine what the consequence for a severe offense would be. He planned on never finding out, but something in his mind knew that he would eventually. That tongue of his was too sharp for his own good...

After the spanking, Dream had picked him out another outfit. This time he was dressed in a military-style suspender skirt and a crisp white blouse on top. Although a lot more subdued than his previous outfit, he still hated wearing the girlish attire and longed for his own clothes.

He was currently being forced to drink another bottle of milk with god knows what in it. Besides the weakening drugs, Dream had informed George that the milk was pumped full of all the nutrients and vitamins that a doll could need.

As he drank, he noticed that the milk was a bit more...sweet tasting than usual. It was also a bit chalky. That was...odd if not a little concerning. However, he could only ponder for a moment more before Dream began to initiate his damned cooing.

“Such a good eater you are, darling! You’re so eager to drink your baba for master, aren’t you?”

“Hmmm...” George whined, trying to drink faster and get breakfast over with. He growled in his throat as Dream began to tickle underneath his chin.

“D’awww, what a cutie! Coochie coochie coo! Come on honey, finish up your bottle, and then we can play some more.”

Playtime. That sounded absolutely delightful...

Once empty, Dream plucked the bottle from his doll’s mouth and tossed it in the sink

“You wait right here, Dolly! I’m going to get some fun stuff!” He said before walking into a closet of some sort. Meanwhile, George began to test the restraints on his highchair. He tried pulling, twisting, and kicking but nada. He was held firmly in his embarrassing position. The male went limp, defeated. He could pull at the cuffs until his wrists broke, he would still be stuck.

Dream soon emerged from the closet, grinning and holding a pair of heavy stocks.

George gulped.

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George of course fought against having his feet restrained, kicking, spitting, and hitting as he was dragged over. Considering he was still weakened by the drugged milk, it wasn't very difficult for Dream to shove George's feet into the padded holes, quickly locking them inside.

George was currently lying on his belly, hands banging and clawing at the floor while his bare feet kicked against their padded prison, awaiting their torture.

"Let me go, FREAK! For the last time, I am not a toy!"

Dream scoffed as he gazed down at George's soles, already excited by what he was about to do with them. He straddled himself on George's calves, effectively holding his legs down to prevent any kicks to the face.

"Oh hush, Dolly. You're too grumpy all the time. You should laugh more, sweetheart!"

Before George could shout a snarky reply to this request, instantly burst into hysterical laughter as Dream dug all ten of his digits into the soles of his feet, rapidly scratching up and down, and even worming a few fingers between his toes. George tried thrashing his feet around, but with the stocks holding them in place, there wasn't much room for them to escape the teasing fingers.

"NOHOHOHO! STOHOHOHP!"

George's hysterical reaction only fueled Dream's hunger for more. Besides, he was already quite obsessed with George's feet. He gushed over their size, softness, pinkish tint, as well as their shapely figure. Everything about them was absolutely perfect! Dream dug his nails deeper into George's soles, leaving behind red scratch marks as he went faster and faster nearly driving his dolly insane from laughter.

"PLEHEHEHEHEHASE STOHOHOHP! IHAHAHAHA CAHAHAHAN'T TAHAHAHAHAKE IHEHEHEIT AHAHAHANYMORE!"

George's face flushed an even brighter red as he begged for the first time since arriving at his cutesie hell. It wasn't even something violent or cruel that got him begging, but tickling...fucking tickling broke him.

Slowly, Dream stopped the tickle attack on George's sensitive soles, letting out a few giggles the blond withdrew his assaulting fingers.

"I have to say, Dolly, you make an excellent "Tickle Me Elmo" replacement."

George ignored Dream's teasing and covered his blushing face with his hands, wishing that the laminate floor would just swallow him whole. He let out an embarrassingly high pitched squeal when the blond male took a quick swipe at the ball of his foot before getting up and walking away.

George took the quick moments of reprieve to catch his breath from the recent tickle torture he had just endured. He had hoped that Dream was done playing with him for the day, but that was nothing more than a silly fantasy. His fate was sealed once he felt his captor sit upon his calves once. The doll braced himself for another round of brutal tickle torture, but instead, he flinched when something cold was dragged across his still tingly and sensitive soles. He quickly came to the realization that the objects currently tormenting his feet were ice cubes.

Dream would rub and hold the ice cubes on George's feet until they melted, and then would replace them with a fresh pair from the tray. Rinse and repeat.

Although not that bad at first, it quickly became almost unbearable, especially when Dream held the ice cubes in one spot for several minutes at a time. He winced in pain as he could feel ice burn beginning to form on his arches, as well as in a few other places. Not only that, but his nipples had become achingly hard, visibly poking through his white blouse. However, eventually, the ice cubes mercifully ran out.

"How are you feeling, Dolly."

George could only chatter his teeth before responding with a simple "C-Cold!"

Dream chuckled "Hm, how about we warm you up then, sweetie?"

"No, please..."

This plea was ignored as with the switch of a lighter, Dream lit up a wax candle, holding it over his doll's still quivering feet. Soon, the wax began to melt, dripping onto George's soles. With his feet feeling colder than a reptile's heart, the hot wax drips felt pleasant at first. The enjoyment didn't last long though as the wax began to burn at George's feet, making him writhe with pain.

"What's worse, Dolly? The icy cold or the blistering heat."

George responded by banging his wrists on the ground and thrashing his feet as much as their confines allowed. His small fit was brought to a pause as George felt something he never thought he would while in captivity: Arousal.

His hands quickly dropped to his crotch, trying to cover his shame from the few of his captor. He didn't want to give him further reason to torment him...

However, it wasn't long before Dream looked behind him as the small candle had begun to run out of wax. He saw George holding his hands over his bulge, instantly piecing together what had happened. He hummed with excitement.

Those drugs were really working after all...

"Hey, Dolly? Is there something wrong?"

Chapter End Notes

Behold Me expressing the foot fetish.

Rocking Horse

Chapter Summary

Dream gets George acquainted with a new toy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George's eyes were rimmed with tears of anger and humiliation as Dream continued to taunt him over his growing erection. Once released from the stocks, George attended to cover himself with his hands, but Dream quickly brushed them aside before hiking up the navy skirt. The white panties the brunet was wearing did little to cover much of anything, and his humiliating boner was left on display.

"Oh, so you are enjoying yourself, Dolly. In the first playtime session too! What a naughty boy you are, Dolly!"

Dream teased, poking at the tent in George's frilly panties, cooing as he noticed a wet spot forming at the tip. George took in a sharp breath before flinching back. The touch felt good, but he didn't like it coming from...him.

"Unfortunately..." Dream began

"I don't have time to tend to your needs, Dolly. I have a lunch date with one of my friends, so I have to leave you alone."

George sighed in relief. An afternoon without his "master" would be a blessing. Maybe he could even manage to get himself off without Dream gawking at his every move...

"But don't you worry, hon. I have something that will keep you entertained for hours!"

Dream picked George up as he had done many times before, balancing the brit on his hip as he carried him to another room. This one George had never seen before. The walls were painted a pale pink color. On the wall were several floating shelves that were decorated with stuffed animals as well as sex toys. There was a variety of vibrators, bondage equipment, butt plugs, dildos ranging in different sizes and materials, lube, and a single paddle hanging on the wall.

The centerpiece of the room was a large, wooden rocking horse, leather restraints around the handlebars and on the front legs of the horse. George sighed, knowing that he was going to be restrained on the horse while Dream was out.

"Better than being locked in a hogtie, I suppose." George thought as he was placed on the ground. As much as his loins cried for relief, the shorter male would have to resist it for now. He would not relieve himself in front of this pervert. Nope. Not a chance.

George watched as Dream retrieved an equine dildo, a dragon logo engraved on the base. George shuttered, dreading having that thing shoved inside of him. Although he would never admit it, George wasn't exactly a stranger to dildos and even had one back at home. However, that one was only about six inches. This one was at least nine!

The brunet's eyes widened with horror when the dildo was attached to the horse's wooden saddle via suction cup. Oh god...he was going to have to ride that thing while Dream was gone.

"Please no!" George cried as he forced onto his knees, his legs spread wide apart. Now, the Brit would have liked to curl himself into a ball and protect himself, but whatever drugs his captor was using made him easily malleable. He flushed as his panties were pulled down, causing his erection to spring free. Dream squirted a bit of lube onto his fingers massaging around his doll's hole before dipping a finger in, making him let out a sharp gasp.

"Calm down Dolly. I have to get you ready to ride Mr. Horsie. You don't want this to hurt do you?"

George sighed. Regretfully, Dream was right. If he didn't allow himself to be prepped, the ride on the rocking horse would be extremely painful. Still, he hated the feeling of his kidnapper fingering and prodding at his most intimate areas.

Once he was done, Dream went over to the dildo affixed to the wooden horse. He squirted a generous amount of lube into his palms before slathering the silicone toy in the slippery substance.

George began to panic again when he felt Dream's arms wrap around his waist, picking him up and carrying him towards the bizarre sex toy.

"I want you to mount that dildo, Dolly." Dream said as he bound George's hands to the handles.

"Unless you want me to force you of course..."

The dollified man sighed, knowing there was no way out of this one, and he would rather mount the large dildo at his own pace rather than be forced onto it.

"Nnnngh..." George groaned as he slowly lowered himself onto the horse cock, feeling as it stretched his sphincter and plunged into his body. As he reached the medial ring, he let out a much louder groan. At that point, the toy had gotten girthier, stretching and stuffing him sick. By the time George was fully seated on the cock, he was nearly crimson in the face, sweat dripping down his forehead. Dream quickly tied his ankles to the front legs of the horse.

"Mmmm...aahhhh." He moaned, feeling the large toy grinding against his prostate.

"How does it feel, Dolly?" Dream asked in an almost taunting manner.

"F-Full! T-Too full!" George managed to stutter out, tears now running down his red face. As a way to cope with everything that was happening, George clenched his teeth, wishing he had something to bite down on. Dream noticed his doll's stress and tried to soothe him by planting a small kiss on his forehead.

"It's not good for you to grind your teeth like that, Dolly. We don't want you breaking a tooth."

George could only whimper in response as Dream stroked his soft brown hair.

"I know that this is new and scary for you, honey. How about I get you your pacifier? That'll help calm you down."

George wanted to decline the offer but found himself unable to resist. He was going to be alone for several hours, trapped on this device of sexual torture. At the very least, he could have something to suckle and bite down on as he endured having a giant horse cock stuck up his ass.

He quickly nodded his head.

Dream reached into his pocket, pulling out the pacifier gag. “You have to ask nicely first, darling.”

George winced but eventually decided to swallow his pride and beg for it.

“Please master, I want my paci.” The boy asked daftly, his mind clouded by pain and pleasure.

Dream beamed with delight as he strapped the pacifier gag around George’s head. His doll immediately began suckling, trying to distract himself from what was happening. It was quite a sweet sight.

“Alright Dolly, I’ll leave you alone to play with your new toy, but before I go, there’s one last thing I need to show you!”

Dream grabbed a small remote off the shelf, pressing one of the buttons. George let out a scream from behind his gag as the horse began to slowly rock back and force, making the toy grind and move deep within him.

“HHMMMMMF!”

The blond couldn’t help but let out a slight chuckle at his doll’s reaction.

“See? You don’t even have to rock yourself, Dolly. The horse does it for you. Isn’t that cool?”

“Hmmm...nnngh...”

“See? I knew you’d love it. Now you have fun, Dolly, and I’ll be back by dinner!”

Chapter End Notes

Stan Bad Dragon.

Pretty Face

Chapter Summary

Dream does Dolly's makeup

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

By the time Dream returned home, it was already sundown. He had been gone for over four hours and was excited to see his dolly and how he was faring with his new toy. Upon opening the door to the “dungeon” he gazed at the adorable mess that was his Dolly. He was flushed in the face, beads of sweat running down his forehead, and his eyes were rolled to the back of his head. He could also see globs of cum dripping down the side of his cock, dripping onto his thighs. This was all likely the result from several hours of overstimulation and sexual torture. Sure, George wanted an orgasm, but not this many.

Dream chuckled before twitching the rocking horse off and walking over to his doll.

“Looks like someone had fun, didn’t they?”

George could only let out a quiet moan in reply as he bit down hard at the bulb of his pacifier, drool dripping down his chin. Dream chuckled at this, before going up behind George and grasping his by the hips. He then began to slowly lift the man off the horse cock, making him sigh with relief as the toy was removed was his guts. A small popping sound was heard when George was fully pulled off of it.

Dream removed the pacifier gag before he took out a small handkerchief and began to wipe the drool from around George’s chin as well as clean the sticky cum around his now softened penis. As he cleaned, George looked away shamefully as Dream commented about how cute his floppy dick was.

“Do you like our playroom, Dolly?” Dream asked as he set George down on the carpeted floor.

George shook his head “No! I hate it! I hate everything about this!” He shouted, glad to have his mouth free and able to voice his protest once more.

This did not phase Dream in the slightest though, simply writing his doll’s objections as just being grumpy. It was quite amusing if he was honest. He began to stroke George’s blushing cheek, giving it a light pinch. In response, his dolly slapped his hand away, pouting.

“Oh, you’re so pretty when you’re all grouchy like this!” Dream proclaimed with a small chuckle.

“But I think I can make you even prettier...”

“Ugh...”

“Aww, don’t worry Dolly, I think you’re still pretty even barefaced. I just want to spruce it up even more.”

With that, Dream stood up and opened a drawer, pulling out a rose gold cosmetic bag. He sat on the ground next to George, dumping the contents of the bag onto the floor. He could spot lipstick, eyeliner, foundation, mascara, as well as a few makeup palettes.

Once finished, Dream held up a mirror to George's face, letting him take a look at himself. He nearly gasped. George didn't look like...well...himself. He looked like a porcelain doll, a mere pretty plaything for this cruel and deranged man. His skin was pale, not a blemish to be seen, and his lips were painted a raspberry pink color, which matched the color of his cheeks. His eyelashes had also been curled, mascara used to enhance and darken them. He could also see his eyelids had also been adorned with pale pink eyeshadow, tying the cutesy look altogether.

It made George want to vomit.

"Don't you love it, Dolly?" Dream asked as if George could love being turned into a helpless toy.

George grit his teeth, furrowing his brows in anger, trying to think of something to say. He wanted to yell and demean Dream the same way he did him. He wanted to let him know how sick and twisted he was, and his undying hatred for him.

Instead, he cried.

He didn't even want revenge on Dream, that demon, or anyone really. He just wanted to go home, and shove this memory onto the highest shelf in his mind. The abduction, pain, and extreme humiliation was far too much for the frail man to handle. Still, at the moment, he couldn't figure out a way of escape. He was trapped. He felt like he truly was a doll imprisoned in a tiny cardboard box, the visibility to the free world barricaded by a layer of clear plastic, causing him endless torment.

George buried his dolled up face in his hands and began to sob. Almost instantly, his makeup began to smudge, black mascara bleeding down to his under eyes, the lipstick smearing onto his cheek and chin. In short, the whole look was ruined, looking like a sloppy makeup job.

Dream ripped George's hands from his face, the doll letting out a quiet gasp as he did. Once he noticed the ruined makeup, the blond nostrils flared, his eyes narrowing as a terrifying look of anger flashed across his face.

George's face became spotty when a hard blow came from the side of his face, making his head spin.

"You ungrateful brat!" Dream yelled, pulling George across his lap.

Not given any time to react, George couldn't even cry out when he felt Dream's hand come down hard and swiftly at his backside. All that came out was a silent, choked scream as the blows kept coming, quickly turning his ass to a bright cherry color.

"How dare you! I spent all this time trying to make you look sweet and pretty, and then you go and ruin it! I've been kind to you, Dolly, but all you give me in return is lip and teeth. You think all of this is so bad, huh? Well, I can show you what real cruelty is!"

George did not like the sound of that. What he was going through already was torture, he couldn't imagine how much worse things could get...

"Noooo! Please, I'm sorry! I promise that I'll be a good Doll from now on, master! OOOOWWWW, please stop!"

George tried pleading with the cruel man, but it was all useless. He tried reaching back to protect his abused backside, but his hand was quickly slapped away.

“It's too late for that, Dolly!” The taller male said as he gave a few more hard blows to George's ass, causing dark bruises to form. Thankfully, he was eventually shoved off of his lap, leaving the doll to cry and whimper on the ground. Dream grabbed his chin, forcing his toy to look him in the eye.

“Look at you...All you are is an empty-headed bimbo, and you'll be treated as such until you learn to give me some goddamn respect...”

Dream gave George once last slap across the face before standing up and heading to the door of the playroom. George curled in on himself, quivering with fear and pain.

“You will be sleeping on the floor from now on. You don't deserve to sleep in a bed. There will also be no dinner for you tonight. You'll have to work for your food.”

As the man spoke, George shivered with fear. His voice was cruel, devoid of any empathy.

“Goodnight, Whore.”

As the door slammed shut, the smaller male curled himself into a small ball in a crude attempt to shield himself from the horrors he knew were to come...

Chapter End Notes

Here's my Valentine's day gift for all my fellow degenerates! Hope you enjoy!

Cats in the Cradle

Chapter Summary

George comes across an old friend in bleak times.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

From the moment he woke up, every breath George took, he suffered. He had been woken up with a slap to the face and a command to follow his master. He rubbed at his aching cheek before attempting to stand up. Before he could even plant one heel on the ground, however, he found himself back on the ground, moaning in pain as he was roughly kicked in the shin.

“You are not allowed to walk, whore. You’re too dumb for it. Besides, I need you on your knees at all times for when I want my cock sucked. You will only crawl from now on, if I catch you with your heel on the ground, there will be serious consequences...”

“O-Ok...” George uttered quietly, shivering with fear.

Dream grimaced at him as if he were nothing more than a repulsing insect. The taller man, who now seemed like a giant from kneeling on the floor, took a ball gag that was hanging on the wall. He quickly jammed the gag into his captive’s mouth, who was still too frightened to resist.

“I don’t want you speaking either, your voice is nothing more than an ear grating whine. Anyway, besides sucking cock and eating, you don’t need your mouth anymore. Nod if you understand, whore.”

A few tears escaped George wide brown eyes before he began to slowly nod, showing that he understood the cruel words spoken to him.

“Good. Now crawl with me to the living room.”

~~~~~

SMACK SMACK SMACK

The sound of colliding flesh was heard all throughout the house as Dream slammed George’s hips down onto his achingly hard cock, the smaller male letting out a muffled cry each time his captor’s cock ground against his overly sensitive prostate. He had already cum, but Dream kept going, only caring about his own pleasure as he used George as nothing more than a living sex toy.

After a few more hard thrusts, Dream let out a loud, throaty groan as he filled his toy to the brim with his warm, sticky cum. George instinctively tried to lift himself from the rod but was held down by its owner, fingernails digging painfully into his hips. Dream let out a soft moan as George’s walls clenched around his softening dick.

“Feels like you’re trying to milk me dry, whore.”

Dream commented as he gave George’s ass a firm slap before lifting him off his cock and

throwing him to the floor. George let out a loud scream from behind his gag as his head smashed against the wooden coffee table on his way down. He crawled over to a corner, the farthest away from the cruel man, and curled himself into a tiny, protective ball. He buried his makeup caked face into his palms and began to sob. He sobbed not only from physical pain but emotional damage. All George could think about was how badly he yearned to return home. He wanted to see his cat, as he had been worried sick about his furry companion since his arrival. He feared the worst, thinking that his dear pet had either been killed or had been left all alone with no one to care for him. Who would feed and give him water? Who would love him? What happened if he got hurt!?

“Meooooow!”

George’s eyes widened as he heard the familiar yowl of his cat. He thought that it may have just been in his throbbing head, but once he uncovered his eyes, he saw him. His kitty. It may have been only a few days since he had seen him, but it seemed like an eternity.

“Hmmm!”

George squealed with happiness from behind the gag as his cat gave a comforting headbutt to his forehead. He was still dealing with the problem that he had been kidnapped and was currently being subjected to all kinds of sexual torture, but for now, he was happy. His cat was the one good thing he had in an ocean of suffering. Of course, he didn’t last long...

As he reached out to hold his cat, the feline was quickly snatched away from him. Dream had picked the kitten up, petting its head as he looked down on the distraught man.

“HMMMM! HMMMM! HMMMMMM!”

George cried out, reaching for his pet, his eyes once again brimming with tears. He was about to stand up to return his cat to his protective care but remembered what Dream had said earlier about walking. He didn’t want to test this man at the moment...

“When you fell into my ownership, your kitty here did too. I was going to let you hold him yesterday, but with your behavior, I simply can’t. Maybe when you learn to behave and be appreciative, then I will consider it...Maybe.”

That was all Dream said before carrying the small cat back to the couch with him, leaving George to cry, alone in the corner once again as he pet the tiny creature’s head.

He was going to break soon. Dream was sure of it. All he had to do was take away all of his doll’s luxuries, show him how good he had it before. Soon, George would be begging him for mercy. He would see it as a privilege to serve his master, and be spoiled in return for his service and compliance.

On the slim chance that George wouldn’t break, Dream would only treat him harsher and with less humanity and dignity than he already was.

Dream glanced over to the corner to see his toy sobbing, tears as well as drool dripping down his flushed face.

“You know if you don’t stop, you’re going to end up choking on your own slobber.”

George ignored the remark, only sobbing louder. Dream rolled his eyes before clicking his tongue.

“Hey crybaby, let’s make a deal. I’ll let you hold your precious kitty if you serve as my footrest.”

Dream proposed, to which George quickly accepted, crawling over to his captor's feet so they could rest upon his back. Dream hadn't expected him to comply so quickly, but he guessed that the shorter male just really loved his cat and was willing to give up parts of his remaining dignity just to hold it.

Hmm, interesting to know...That could come in handy.

"Prop your knees up whore, and arch that back a bit."

"Hmm hmm."

"Good whore."

## Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the sluggish pace of my updates. I've been struggling to write as of recently.

# asphyxiation

## Chapter Summary

George could feel his breath slipping away.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Master please stop! I’m going to dr-”

The bathroom was plunged into silence once more as George’s head was shoved below the waterline. Dream turned his head to the side as his doll flailed his arms, splashing the water all over the large bathroom. He was currently trying to rinse the conditioner out of George’s hair, but the man apparently didn’t appreciate being put underwater. The blond knew that he was just being dramatic. He only held him under for about thirty seconds, if that, at a time.

Dream sighed, contemplating in the temporary silence. Sure, treating George like a nasty whore the last couple of days was fun and all, but he missed playing nice with his dolly. He knew he didn’t have much time with his toy, as Bad was almost finished using George’s appearance. He had about a week left of playtime before he would have to turn his plaything loose.

Dream’s thought process was broken as a few bubbles surfaced to the top of the bathtub. He pulled George back up to the surface, his doll letting out a few coughs and wheezes as he tried to regain his breath. He looked up at his captor, realizing that his demeanor was a lot softer, the heartless facade now dropped. He couldn’t tell if that was good or concerning...

“Hey, Dolly, how about we get you dressed in a new pretty outfit, and then we’ll play some more!”

~~~~~

“Remember Dolly, good boys get to cum. Just keep on sucking and I’ll get you there in no time~”

Dream cooed as he plunged his fingers into George’s mouth, urging him to suck on them.

Dream was transfixed by his doll’s mouth, and how warm and wet it felt around his fingers. He forced the elder man to suckle on them as he held a vibrating magic wand to his panties, which were soaked with precum. His mind too focused on achieving an orgasm, George happily swirled his tongue around the blond’s fingers if it meant he got cum. He let out a few low and desperate noises as Dream increased the vibrator’s intensity slightly and pressed it harder against his crotch.

The brunet’s hips bucked slightly, grinding against the huge head of the vibrator. He gagged slightly as Dream’s fingers ground against his uvula, but he wasn’t really paying attention to all that. He could only focus on reliving the burning heat in his nether regions.

Dream cooed at his doll’s red and sweaty face as he neared his desperately needed release. As he let out another soft moan around his fingers, Dream smiled before giving him a wet kiss on the forehead. The larger man turned the vibrator to its highest intensity, savoring the sight as George’s eyes rolled to the back of his head and he came hard right onto his lap.

The dollified man's hips rolled and he let out a few high-pitched whines and moans as he rode out the high of his prolonged orgasm. As the wand was turned off and placed on the side, George went limp against Dream's chest, letting out a few heavy breaths as the fingers were pulled free from his mouth.

Dream giggled like a schoolgirl as he embraced George close like he was a beloved childhood toy. It made George feel safe in a strange way. He felt the unconditional love comparable to a child and their favorite doll. In a situation like this, the brit would have to take all the comfort he could get, even if it was at the hands of his captor.

Even though he was trying to hold on, George could feel a small part of his mind and identity slipping away.

He knew that even when he got out of her, even if he tried to put this experience on the highest shelf, it would still be there to haunt him. He would have to live with the guilt that in some sick, perverted sense, he liked this. Sure, it caused him endless pain and humiliation, but sometimes, he did feel the silver lining of pleasure.

He had to get out of here...before his mind could be completely scrambled. He felt as if he had plastic constricting around his head, threatening to suffocate, and drain the life and spirit he had left.

Chapter End Notes

Hello dear readers! Long time no see...hehe.

I'm a Barbie Girl

Chapter Summary

Playtime never ends.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George was starting to lose track of time. The days and nights seemed to blend together into a miserable symphony of sexual torture, humiliation, and tea parties, wherein scalding hot tea was forced down his throat if he refused to play along. His days were filled with nothing but demeaning playtime, dress-up, and of course, fucking. Long, hard fucking that left him sore, and unable to walk for hours. Well....not like he was allowed to walk anyway. He was constantly being carried around like a ragdoll by Dream. He was also used like a rag doll as well...

Currently, George was laying across Dream's lap, letting out soft, high-pitched moans as his hole was stretched with a large, knotted toy. Dream slowly thrust the dildo in and out, enjoying the sweet noises his doll made as the intrusion rubbed against his sweet spots. He buried his red face into the couch as Dream cooed and teased him from his obvious enjoyment.

As he took the dildo out, George whined with loss. Dream gave a soft laugh as he lightly patted George's hips before picking him up and carrying him to the dreaded playroom. There, he could only go limp as Dream strapped him to a bondage bench. The contraption supported his chest and belly while spreading his arms and legs wide apart, leaving him exposed for miles. He blushed as he felt Dream's hands caress his ass and thighs.

His world was suddenly plunged into darkness as a blindfold was secured around his eyes. Although he couldn't see, he knew that Dream had walked around in front of him by the denim jeans pressing against his nose. George sighed, knowing exactly what was expected of him.

Although it took a few moments, George's teeth eventually found the zipper to his captor's jeans, pulling it down as Dream undid the button. It wasn't long before the jeans, as well as boxers, were on the floor. As his erection sprung free, George gave the head a few nuzzles as well as a few kisses to get him excited.

Although it shamed him deeply, George began to hump and rub his own erection against the padded leather seat of the bench, trying to relieve his built-up arousal and desperation. The action did not go unseen by Dream as he began to tease him for his wanton behavior.

"Awww! Does Dolly want his master to play with him? Is he desperate to be stuffed full with fat cock? Well, if the doll wants to be rewarded, he has to beg."

George let out a long, shuddering sigh, knowing what he had to do. He has done this so many times before, but it was still humiliating every time.

"Master...please fuck me. Dolly needs your cock. Stuff your toy sick with dick! I exist only to please you!"

George let out a quiet gasp as he felt Dream grab at one of his asscheeks, moving it to the side to get a better entrance to his doll's overworked and needy hole.

As Dream entered him, George balled up his fists as the initial pain of being stretched hit him.

As he was pounded into, George tried not to think about the person who was fucking him. Sure he was handsome and gave George star seeing orgasms, but at the end of the day, he was still the man who kidnapped and enslaved him into this hellish routine. Maybe if Dream was less of a sexual deviant, he would maybe consider a relationship, or at the very least friends with benefits.

"Hey, George?"

George...He hadn't heard that name in a very long time. He was used to being called "Dolly" or "Whore", not his actual dignified name. Dream was very insistent on calling him anything but his real name, so why was he doing this now?

"Bad, that demon who gave you to me, says he's done using your body, and he'll be over later tonight to take you, and your kitty home. Unfortunately, our playtime is going to be coming to an end soon..."

George could feel tears welling up in his eyes, which strained the blindfold that covered them. For the first time in weeks, the tears weren't of pain or humiliation, but of relief. He was finally going to be free. Although he was ecstatic about going home and getting back to a normal, non-hypersexual life, a part of him was...disappointed?

Dream let out another low groan as he thrust into George, using him like he really was a toy.

"Well while you're still here, let's make the most of our time, Dolly~"

He said between guttural noises of pleasure as he spilled his sticky seed into George. Although he bit his lip, trying to keep quiet, George couldn't help but let out a yelp as Dream's hand came down hard on his ass.

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George's eyes narrowed as the demon, who had kidnapped him all that time ago entered the house. However angry he was, the fury sooned turned to confusion and shock as the demon entered, pulling a gagged man on a leash behind him.

As Dream greeted his friend, his eyes turned to the naked and sobbing man that he was holding.

"Hey Bad, I see your mission went according to plan."

The demon's long, thin tail wagged with excitement.

"Went like a Dream! You can now say hello to my new pet, Skeppy!"

"HHHMMMPH!"

The brown-haired man yelled through his gag in protest.

George, who was now sitting on the sofa in his regular clothes, felt awful for Skeppy, but he was too exhausted and happy to go home to care. Besides, he wouldn't even think of challenging a powerful, shapeshifting demon.

"George, thank you so much for your collaboration! Couldn't have done it without you."

George turned away, scoffing, which made the demon mockingly twist his voice.

“Awww! What’s the matter? I’m sure you enjoyed your playtime with Dreamie. Did he not play nice?”

The Brit stayed tight-lipped, refusing to speak a word to him. He just wanted to go home with his cat and pretend this all never happened. Dream ruffled his old plaything’s hair before patting his back.

“You’re free to go, Dolly. Come back any time, darling.”

“Hmmmmph!”

As George walked out the door, his kitty in a carrier, he looked at the pitiful face of Skeppy, who was destined to be the pet of a demon. He could only be optimistic for the young man, hoping that his master was nowhere near as cruel as his was.

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“What the hell is all this?” George mumbled to himself as he opened the plain brown package left on his porch. He had no address, labels, anything. Only writing on the side with the name “George” inscribed onto it.

As the knife easily cut through the tape on the top of the box, George’s cheeks tinted a light pink as he gazed upon the contents inside.

Inside were several cutesy dresses, stockings, panties, a pacifier gag, a paddle, and a pair of fluffy handcuffs.

Oh...Oh no...

George’s hands wandered down to his crotch, trying to hide and ignore his shameful erection. Although his face burned up at the mere thought of it, George selected a poofy pink dress, slipped on a pair of white stockings, and strapped the gag into his mouth.

George walked himself over to a mirror, taking in the reflection of himself. He looked girly, sweeter than frosted pastry, and overall completely ridiculous. The brunet could kick himself for liking this so much...

George bit down on the bulb of the pacifier gag as he reached into his dresser to retrieve his dildo.

Nothing wrong with a bit of guilty pleasure.

Chapter End Notes

Another story complete! Once again, I thank you all for your love and support. I truly wouldn't be able to do it without you all.

New story! This one is going to be...interesting I can promise you that. Feel free to leave any suggestions or feedback in the comments! I thoroughly enjoy reading them!

Works inspired by this ~~one~~ [Living Doll](#) by [The Dell At Night \(Dayglade\)](#), [Playdate](#) by [orphan_account](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!